



WALTER POCKINGTON.



GRACIE TURNER.



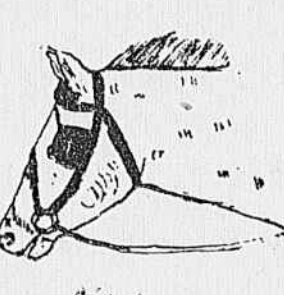
MARY B. DUNN.



REGIE BRANTON BRAY.



LYRA V. RANSON.



MARGUERITE BROADBURY.



HELEN BROADBURY.

A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

The story that I wish to tell is one written by Bayard Taylor. The story in the poem is very beautifully told. This is a paraphrase of it.

Come to me, my little girl, and sit on my knee, and I will tell you a story. Natural to think the little one came and her father told this story to her.

A short time ago while coming through the dark mountains I could not see my hand before me. It was just such a night as this. The sky was dark, rainy and cold. How do you think I felt on such an occasion as this? I walked along slowly, and was hurt much by stumbling through the rocks and trees as I walked, and everything was fearful. I finally came to a fire. Behind this tree was a rock which at last proved to be my friend. I crawled under it and lay down, and suddenly a green-eyed wolf came in and lay down beside me. His wet fur rubbed against me and we warmed each other.

After a while morning came and I was glad to see the light of day once more. I was also glad to see that the fearful storm had quit raging. The wolf and I were glad to be together on such a night as this. I thought that beast and man are nearly related.

My little girl, do you not think that father's house is a better place than the woods on a stormy night?

W. H. FISHER.
Virginia School for Deaf and Blind, Staunton, Va.

N. B.—Will you kindly send me a badge?

WASHINGTON AND THE GUIDE.

When George Washington was chosen to bring the message to the French that they were on English ground the following happened:

Correspondence Column

A Little Maid of Eight.
Dear Editor—We are eight years old last Wednesday, and had a fine time. I did not have a party, but received some presents, which I enjoyed very much. I am very sorry that I lost my baby, and I don't think you will please send me another. I don't mind you are doing grand work. Your little member,
JEAN FRANCES CRAIG.
267 East Franklin Street, City.

Making Christmas Presents.
Dear Editor—I guess you think I have forgotten you and the page, but I have not, for I read it every Sunday and I love it so much. I am very busy at school now, studying hard to make my grade. I am also very busy preparing for Christmas making presents. I guess all the members are busy also making Christmas presents. I am sending a heading for Christmas. I hope to see it in print, although I guess some one else will have better luck than myself and send in a better one. Well, I will try and send in something more regular from now on. Hoping success to the page and all the members. I raise you old member,
W. ANN STAPLES.
Keyville, Va.

Editor Asked to Draw.
Dear Editor—Don't you think it is a good idea for the members to tell how they have drawn for the page? Most of my practice has been out of school. I lost two weeks' time in October, but I made it up and got good marks this month. Would you please publish a picture of your own on the Children's Page? I know every one would be glad to see a nice drawing by you. Yours truly,
HAROLD VINCENT.
1266 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

On the Subject of Prizes.
Dear Editor—I am sending in one or two drawings, which I hope you will publish. I am trying real hard to win a prize. I have better now a prize. I have been a member for three years or more. I would like so much to win a prize. Old Santa Claus will soon be coming again. Oh, how the times does fly! I will close now, hoping to win a prize soon. I remain your old member,
GILBERT TRINER.
R. F. D. No. 2, Box 25, Beach, Va.

Thanksgiving and Thankfulness.
Dear Editor—Enclosed is a drawing for the page. I think we all have a lot to be thankful for, and I hope all of you will have a happy Thanksgiving. I am thankful for this evening, and it was perfectly beautiful. I guess all of us are glad to get a little holiday. Good-by for this time. Your loving member,
LYRA VIRGINIA RANSON.
Masonic Home, City.

Seven Next Month.
Dear Editor—I enjoy the T. D. C. C. page so much that I want to become a member. Please send me a badge, and I will return one next month, and go to school every day. I think the Children's Page is fine work. Your little member,
MARY VIRGINIA CRAIG.
267 East Franklin Street, Richmond.

Anxious About Prize.
Dear Editor—I have not received my prize yet, but hope it will come soon. I am so awfully anxious to know what it is. I think the page was fine. I hope you will enjoy your Thanksgiving holiday. Enclosed you will find a drawing. Your true member,
EVELYN E. DYKE.
2512 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

Glad That Christmas Is Coming.
Dear Editor—I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C. page. I am so glad Christmas is near. I am eight years old, and will be nine in December. Please send me a badge. Wishing you and the members much success.
GOODMAN TUCK.
Virginia.

Our New Member.
Dear Editor—I want to become a member of the T. D. C. C. page. My father told me that the Times-Dispatch is the best paper I have ever written. Please send me a badge. Your new member,
EVELYN E. DYKE.
Piedmont, Va.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Whittier is frequently called the "Burns of New England," because, like Burns, he is more of a national than a local poet, singing, chiefly of the homely scenes of New England.

John Greenleaf Whittier, who was of Quaker descent, was born on the 17th of December, 1807, near the town of Haverhill, Mass., in a quiet old New England home. He was not far from the Merrimack River, the rippling of which was an inspiration to him in his poetic work.

Whittier, though very fond of reading, had not the advantage of books, for his father's library was very much limited, and for several years the Bible was his principal source of information.

When he was fourteen years old Whittier's schoolmaster gave him a volume of Burns's poems, which he read, and which so attracted him that he began at once to make rhymes and to imagine stories and adventures.

In 1846 Whittier by his publication of a little poem in a periodical was brought to the notice of Mr. William Garrison, who urged him to cultivate his talent by obtaining a higher education. Accordingly, Whittier, supplying the means by working as a shoemaker, entered the academy at Haverhill, and soon rose to prominent distinction.

In 1850 Whittier was appointed editor of the New England Weekly Review, of Haverhill, which position he held until he was obliged to give it up on account of falling health.

"Snowbound," a vivid description of his old home and of his family, is Whittier's masterpiece. Among his other works, which may deserve mention, are "The Rent on the Beach," "The Eternal Goodness," "The Minister," "The Preacher," and "The Barren Boy."

Whittier passed away on the 7th of September, 1892, after attaining to a high position in American literature and winning a prominent place in the hearts of his countrymen.

JOHN B. CUNNINGHAM.
Virginia School for Deaf and Blind, Staunton, Va.

AUTUMN.

Autumn comes in the fall of the year. She is a very good and beautiful fairy. When September comes Autumn is very busy, for she has many messages to deliver. First, she flies to where the red and gray squirrels live and to where all the creatures live that eat nuts, and tells the trees to make the nuts ripen so that the little creatures can put in a store for the winter. Then she comes to the fruit trees and tells them to ripen so that they can be picked before Jack Frost comes and bites them. Next she goes to the fields where the corn and pumpkins are, and waving wheat are still growing, touches them with her magic wand and they, too, start to ripen. The people come out and make the corn yellow pumpkins. Then comes the yellow pumpkins. Autumn has a fine time playing with Hallowe'en, especially at night, when she gives lots of parties. Autumn furnishes the jack-o'-lanterns, the apples and popcorn. Hallowe'en furnishes the place where they have it, and invites the people. After visiting Hallowe'en, Autumn comes to the forest and calls up all the fairies and brownies of the trees and flowers to bed and dress the leaves in their new dresses of yellow and red. Then the fairies, brownies, flowers and all go to sleep, and when Jack Frost comes snapping and cracking there is nothing for him to bite, for Autumn and Mother Nature have put everything to sleep in their earthly bed. And there is lay a soft blanket over their heads. Good-night, Autumn!

W. H. FISHER.
Virginia School for Deaf and Blind, Staunton, Va.

N. B.—Will you kindly send me a badge?

WASHINGTON AND THE GUIDE.

When George Washington was chosen to bring the message to the French that they were on English ground the following happened:

:-: Editorial and Literary Department :-:

Letters and Puzzles Give Way This Week to Stories

My Dear Boys and Girls:

You will notice that there are fewer letters and puzzles this week than usual. I have shortened these columns so that more space than usual may be given to the stories, as a number of them are sent us from the children in the Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, at Staunton.

I know you are always as pleased as I am to give right of way to these little comrades that are cut off from so many pleasures enjoyed thoughtlessly by us. We are so glad that you have them into our companionship and render this holiday season somewhat brighter for them.

One of our boys, Harold Vincent, of Brooklyn, suggests that the editor draw something for the page. This the editor must decline, as the plan has been too busy to draw pictures, and therefore club members must do that much for her. But Harold makes a good suggestion, and that is that club members ought to tell how they came to learn how to draw. That is an instructive thing to do and one which will draw out much pleasant interchange of opinion among the boys and girls. So begin and tell your experiences as soon as you like to each other and to YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.
Miss Anna Hinman, 21 Elm Street, Richmond Hill, New York.
Miss Gladys Triner, The Valois, Washington, D. C.
G. Van Horn, 609 North Teath Street, City.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.
Andrews, Hazel Jones, W. E. Jr.
Andrews, J. Lee Johnston, N. E.
Blakey, Ryland Lawler, Edward
Blakey, James R. Lord, Kenneth
Brooks, Ruth Lee, Mary Custis
Bennett, Rosella Lord, William
Bray, Harry C. Marx, Hermann
Bray, Regie B. Kiehl, B. Hope
Broadbury, Helen Overby, Alice
Broadbury, M. Person, Alice
Craig, Mary F. Pockington, W.
Craig, Mary B. Palmer, Mary B.
Cronise, James G. Powell, L. E.
Cunningham, J. B. Ray, Evelyn
Dunn, Mary H. Johnston, N. E.
Dyke, Evelyn E. Ridd, Rachel
Enos, Desie Ranson, Lyra V.
Fisher, W. H. Staples, Willie A.
Gill, E. M. Tuck, Goodman
Gardner, Emma Tignor, Helen A.
Hicks, Mary M. Turner, Gracie E.
Hinman, Anna Vincent, Harold
Ingram, T. J. Jr. Van Horn, G.
Jones, Rudolph Watkins, Lewis
Wayte, L. H.

WHITTIER.

Just before the Merrimack enters the sea it makes a bend and goes into Massachusetts. In the midst of this pretty scenery Whittier was born. It was in the small village of Haverhill. Whittier was a very poor boy, and he was forced to work to pay for his schooling. At the age of twenty he went to Haverhill Academy. When a copy was handed to him of Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night" and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," he caught the style of these two poets and wrote "Snowbound." But this poem was not written until he was nearly sixty years of age. Whittier, as a poet, was the rest of the family moved from Haverhill to another small town, which was called Amesbury.

Whittier had a sister, whom he loved dearly, whose name was Mary. It is her of whom he speaks in "Snowbound," which was written after her death. Whittier's father died, and the rest of the family moved from Haverhill to another small town, which was called Amesbury.

Another peculiarity which distinguishes him from the other poets is that he never traveled abroad, neither did he write about things abroad, but he is honored here and abroad. He was very much opposed to slavery. He was not the only poet who was composed to it, but he could not keep from writing about it. He wrote a volume of poems entitled "Voices of Freedom." He died at the age of eighty-five and was buried in Amesbury.

EDWARD HAWKINS.
Virginia School for Deaf and Blind, Staunton, Va.

HOW THE BIMSDEES GOT THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Mrs. Bimsdee was in a hurry. Up and down the kitchen she flew, now stopping to turn the fryingpan and now reaching the baby from under her very feet, and whenever all setting the long, unpolished table, standing on one side.

"Jerry, Jerry, stop teasing! Tim, and Jenn, you stop pullin' Susan's hair," cried their mother, pausing long enough to bestow liberal slaps on the youngsters named. "Sit up and be washin' yer hands. Mitty! soon be back with the holly. She's a spy, one! I tell you, fer making bargains, and like'n not, she's got the grocer down to his lowest price. She's just like yer father was, as I've said before, and I'm only hopin' you'll all be like her."

There now, ye're clean at last, and yer might as well sit down in a row," saying the action to the words, and pushing the children into four chairs against the wall, "or ye'll be as dirty as I've in less time than I kin turn around in."

Footsteps being heard coming up the rickety stairs at this instant all four rushed from their places, reaching the door at the same time, and considerably blocking the progress of a small personage, who entered at that moment, bearing a huge bunch of dilapidated holly, and a most important air along with it.

"It's only 4 cents I gave for it," she declared joyfully, depositing her bundle on a chair, "and the sign says five."

With this astonishing announcement, seating herself on one of the tumble-down chairs, she gave a most detailed and lengthy account of the whole process of the sale for the instruction and benefit of the younger members of the family and the delight of her mother. This over the chairs were pulled up and the holly arranged as artistically as possible, each of the few bright berries being placed where it would show off best.

"Thire!" exclaimed Mrs. Bimsdee, falling back and clapping her hands, "did ye ever see such a glorious sight! 'Tis sure three times as good as a table on Christmas Eve before—and row for the oatmeal and potatoes!"

In the midst of this charming scene a loud knock was heard at the door, and on opening it an immense box, neatly labeled and decorated with sprigs of Christmas trees was seen. No person could be discovered, so the box was opened, and lo! a magnificent Christmas dinner was revealed.

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amined. Some writing was found in one corner, and after diligently spelling it out, Mrs. Bimsdee announced that it read as follows:

"To the little girl who bought this four cents' worth of holly, with all best wishes for a happy and a merry Christmas."

Of course, no one could guess who had sent it, and Mrs. Bimsdee was even for inquiring if it belonged to any one else in the house, but the curiosity of the children rousing her own, she finally consented to open it, and find an off with eager feet to search for the hammer. That article at last being found the boards were torn up, and what a sight! Rows on rows of highly polished, beautiful red apples, oranges, grapes and bananas lay before the astonished group. After carefully raising them, a lovely large turkey was discovered, along with celery, potatoes, nuts, figs, raisins, and in fact, a bird that goes to make up a good Christmas dinner.

Tied to one of the turkey's legs was a note addressed to "the little girl of four cents' worth of holly." This was eagerly opened, and the following message read by Mrs. Bimsdee to the open-mouthed children:

"My dear little girl of the four cents' worth of holly, you are probably puzzling your brains to find who sent this gift. Do not be so any longer. Did you not know you had a fairy godmother? Fairy godmothers often take the shape of old gentlemen, you know. And now, my dear, enjoy yourself to-morrow, and don't forget your fairy godmother, who will be thinking of you."

Was there ever such a lucky family? exclaimed Mrs. Bimsdee. And each of the five answered "No," with the full assurance that these never was.

(Original.)
ANNA HINMAN.
21 Elm Street, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN.

"How I enjoy an evening at home like this—so comfortable," said Mr. John Carlton, as he seated himself in a large armchair before the blazing grate in his cozy sitting room. It was a strict business man, and it was very seldom that he had a chance to spend an evening at home with his pretty young wife. "Now if Elsie were only with us, I would be quite happy," he remarked sadly.

When Mr. Carlton married Miss Ross, his second wife, his only daughter, Elsie, remarked that she thought it would be more agreeable to go and live with her aunt than to remain at home with her step-mother, and so she went. Miss Ross was comparatively unknown, with just the least tinge of mystery about her that seemed to lend a romance and add to her natural charms.

The husband had scarcely taken his seat when the doorbell rang. "I'll answer the bell, dear. I know you must be tired," said Mr. Carlton, and rising gracefully he left the room. A moment later she reappeared and handed him a large envelope. On tearing it open, he read as follows: "Come to the office as soon as you receive this," and signed by the chief of police. As Mr. Carlton had been once a member of the board of police, he often received such messages; so this one did not seem strange to him. "Must go back downtown," he said regretfully, and taking his hat he hurried down to the street. "He's gone," she said, with a strange kind of wild joy.

"Oh, thank goodness, he is gone for an hour; now I can work unmolested." At this moment a faint tap came at the rear window. She raised it and looked below. "Who's there?" she demanded, softly.

"George, your brother; Fred's with me, too," was the reply.

"What do you want? Why do you keep coming here after me?"

"Let me in and I will explain all," the brother answered.

Closing the window softly she hastened to admit the two look-alike men. "Come up to my secret room," she commanded, and she led the two brothers in a little room somewhat like a lady's boudoir, desk, in which, if it had been opened, one would have found kinds of ink, paper, lenses and a small safe, stood in one corner of the room. In short, the desk contained a complete set of forger's tools and the beautiful but mysterious Mrs. Carlton was an accomplished forger. Mrs. Carlton's skillful hand did the false writings, and her two brothers,

George and Fred, did the pushing of the paper.

"Well, what is it you want?" she demanded gruffly.

"The police are after us, and you must hide us here in your home, for they will never think of looking in John Carlton's home for us."

In the meantime Mr. Carlton had made his way to the police headquarters, and indeed a great surprise awaited him there. Not at a leap, but slowly, gradually came the terrible revelation from the chief that his wife was a forger. He was half a dozen times the act of striking the chief for insult, but then came the thought that it might be the truth—the terrible truth. "If she is not guilty it will be the best way on earth to find out her innocence," and with this determination he returned home in a sad state of mind, and when he did so, he was a forger.

The next day passed and at night Mr. Carlton remained at home. Twilight had deepened into darkness, and the husband and wife were in the sitting room—a restless, nervous silence had fallen on both.

Crack! went a pistol shot! Crack! crack!

"What was that?" cried the woman, starting to her feet.

"There is some trouble there. I'll go and see," he replied.

"No, no, no; you shall not," but he pushed passed her, however.

Mr. Carlton ran to the two policemen's assistance to get met half way by one of the outlaws, who sprang on him like a tiger. Mr. Carlton proved the better in the struggle, and George was soon calling to his sister for help. Crack went the report from Mrs. Carlton's pistol, and she missed her aim—her husband and wounded her brother instead. Mrs. Carlton and her two brothers were soon seized and handcuffed by the policemen.

Mr. Carlton and his daughter, Elsie, called for Europe the following week, and then, having recovered from all their tender care and love.

Composed by
IRVING HAMILTON WHITE.
211 West Clay Street, City.

Puzzle Department

Quotations.
Who wrote the words:
"The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one?"
MARY VIRGINIA CRAIG.
267 E. Franklin Street, City.

Quotations.
Whose motto was these words: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead?"
From where was the following rule taken:
"Labor to keep alive in your own breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience?"
JEAN FRANCES CRAIG.
267 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

American Generals in Figures.
1. 10, 15, 8, 14, 10, 20, 15, 14.
2. 12, 18, 15, 12, 12, 12, 11.
3. 13, 12, 9, 20, 15, 15.
4. 13, 5, 1, 4, 5.
5. 6, 15, 18, 18, 5, 19, 20.
6. 12, 18, 18, 1, 7, 21, 20.
7. 21, 12, 18, 19, 15, 6, 19, 7, 18, 11, 44, 20.
8. 12, 20, 21, 1, 18, 20.
9. 2, 21, 8, 18, 19, 15, 4, 5.
10. 18, 15, 2, 8, 18, 20, 15, 5, 4.
11. 8, 15, 46, 11, 5, 18.
12. 2, 5, 1, 21, 18, 6, 7, 1, 13, 2.
13. 20, 18, 15, 1, 1, 10.
14. 19, 20, 15, 14, 6, 23, 1, 12, 12.

UNSIGNED.

Answer to Geographical Puzzle.
A cape in Virginia—Cape Henry.
A city in South Dakota—Deadwood.
A city in North Carolina—Charlotte.
Capital of New Hampshire—Concord.
Island of Lake Erie—Catawaugus grapes.
County in Vermont—Orange.
A river in Michigan—Kalamazoo River.
A city in Nebraska.
EMMA GARDIN.
2518 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Non-sense Puzzles.
1. What caused Miss Moffett to be so frightened that she ran away? What was she eating?
2. When the king was in the parlor counting out money, what was the queen doing?
3. Why did old Mother Hubbard go to her cupboard?
4. How many blackbirds were baked into pies when the birds do when the pie was opened?
5. How was Mistress Mary's garden laid out?
6. What was Nimble Jack required to jump over?
7. When the bachelor went to London town, how did he get him a wife, and how did he bring her home?
8. What is the price of Hot Cross buns?
9. How many fiddlers had old King Cole, and what sort of an old soul was he?
10. Why did little Tommy Tucker sing?
11. What kind of a pie did Jack Horner eat, and what did he say?
12. If all the world was apple pie, and all the sea was ink, and all the sky was baked and cheese, what would we have to drink?

THE CHIEF OF THE SAVAGES.

SECOND PART.
"Good gracious!" Mr. Alston muttered. "What are those people? They look like cannibals to me!"

"To be sure they do look like savages," Jack answered, unwontedly low perhaps, because he was badly frightened. And his statement was apparently true, for almost immediately after they had landed on the island and transferred their small supplies they observed a dozen or more strange looking persons a short distance from the shore. The strange looking men, who were clad with very little clothing, had already seen Mr. Alston and Jack.

"We may just as well go towards them," Mr. Alston declared, "for we must not appear frightened." So taking up their few supplies they went toward the group of savages.

Strangely enough but the savages scarcely noticed their approach—almost ignored them. Mr. Alston offered them some of his food but they would not accept any. Then he indicated his intentions by partaking a piece of hardtack, and this time one of the savages took a piece and mechanically putting putting his hand to his mouth he ate it.

"They will not harm us now," Mr. Alston whispered to Jack, "for he has eaten with us. Jack was greatly startled, and to tell the truth, so was Mr. Alston, for the savages suddenly began jumping up and down, hitting their naked heels together and screaming at the top of their voices.

The cause of this great sensation was soon seen approaching, on horseback. He was a handsome lad, about eighteen years of age, and his long golden hair—which apparently had not been cut for a long time—waved in the breeze, and hung in locks over his broad shoulders.

"God be raised!" Mr. Alston reverently cried as the youth neared him; "it is my son Charlie!"

For the first time Charlie—for it was he—noticed the strangers, and with ecstatic feelings he recognized his father. One you not forget the joy of both the long-lost son and the father—a son that had been disowned, but who was now willing to repent, and a father who in his weakness had driven his son from home, but who now was willing to take him back at any cost.

"How did you chance to land on this island, Charlie?" his father asked him. "And how do you stand with these strange people?"

"To make a long story short," Charlie began, the ship on which I was going to Australia sank, and every one perished but me, for, as you remember, I am a good swimmer, and I swam to this island, which, as you see, was inhabited by savages. They took a great liking to me, and now I am the chief. I have taught them and tried to do my duty. For a long time I have instructed them in building a ship, which is now nearly completed. I hope, father, you will be ready to start for America in a few days in my new boat. But I know you must be hungry, so I bring, lead father and his companion to my dwelling!"

(The end.)
Composed by
I. HAMILTON WHITE.
214 West Clay Street, City.

A GOOD COMRADE.

The owner of a vegetable garden one day noticed that a basket which had just been filled with new turnips became suddenly empty. He questioned the boy who had been in the garden, and understood the matter, and proposed, as a certain means of discovering the thief, that they should hide themselves behind a hedge which was near. This was done. After some minutes the boy saw the house dog come straight to the basket, take a turnip in his mouth and then make his way to the stable. Dogs do not eat raw turnips. Our watchers therefore followed the thief, and discovered that the horse, his stable mate, was also concerned in the affair.

Wagging his tail the dog gave the horse the turnips, and the horse, of course, did not require much pressing. The gardener angrily seized his knobbed stick in order to chastise the dog, but his master held him back. The turnips went on disappearing in exactly the same way and the scene repeated itself until the supply was exhausted.